

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Trail Of Lies"

In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine
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Turn the television off, cousin, that ain't nothing for a girl to see
I've got a niece and best believe she mean the world to me
And she don't need to see the shit they think a girl should be
Ninety-pound skinny bitches, that ain't even girl to me
Essentially, this shit designed to take a hold of you
Telling lies till your vision take control of you
They finding different ways to take your fucking soul from you
A show about a model make your self-esteem low for you
Everything is fake, trust me, no one that lovely
I've met a lot of famous people and they fat and ugly
I ain't any better, I just think the fact is funny
That they'll take a little girl and pimp her for the cash and money
And what's gonna become of them in like fifty years
When Hannah Montana turnin' into Britney Spears
They chew you up and spit you out cause no one really cares
And ain't nobody gonna hold you when you really scared
Where the parents at, cousin, this is really bad
Is this the motherfucking manager or really dad?
Is he concerned about his daughter or his silly pad?
This ain't gonna change nothing, I just think it's really sad

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Turn the television off, cousin, it's a tool for them to cloud the mind
Conservatism, liberalism, they divide the line
The natural feelings of a child is to be calm and kind
Then they show you ads for the Marines and they decide it's time
So they can send you to a war behind their father crime
Then send you home missing a limb and not provide a dime
And the news tell you cops is on the block for people
I'm a put it simple and plain, cops is evil
Take the television show Cops for example
That's the shit that they want America to watch and sample
Never showing you how dirty that they really is
And that they hide behind they badge and that they really bitch
I ain't never met a pig in my life
And I ain't want to catch a body on the jig of my knife
Yeah, that's another fucking topic for another day
I'm a tell you how they'll try to get you in another way

They tell you that there's something wrong with you, you need they drugs
But there ain't nothing fucking wrong with you, they being thugs
They sell drugs in commercials, at the same time
Lock a motherfucker up for the same crime

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